

[illegible]

"Ah, monsieur, it is a widow; a rich widow from one of the plantations."

night to choose a queen for the festival of the 'pad-god.' Now, I have suggested by way of having a little fun—the Embassy is so dull—that the queen shall marry the sorcerer who will shoot the warts off the 'pad-god.' You have arrived a little late. I have been chosen queen, and the sorcerer

two! three! fire!" There was a sharp report, the smoke cleared away and Mr. Monte lay upon the ground mortally wounded. They bore him tenderly home, and Sam, ever faithful and kind, nursed him with the tenderness that only a woman can. Once during the long hours of that

"Then stop batter and go on with the whisky. Good-day."—San Francisco.

"Well, I don't know, of course; but my opinion is that the white husband and the Indian never do."—Now